

Hogs Killing a Jaguar.

savage, and when aroused know no fear. One night a hungry party of explorers, camped in a Brazilian forest, heard an uproar of grunting, squeaking and clashing of tusks.

Snatching their guns, they crept cautiously toward the Comanches, who were on the edge of a clearing, they were a jaguar standing on an ant hill, about five feet from the ground. Surrounding him were a number of tiny hogs, founting their efforts to grow the way. The jaguar, with his tail stuck well up in the air, and his legs close together, stood looking himself on the hindlook. As the Indians started to move forward, or the other, he would turn around and face them. He was evidently uneasy, and only waiting for a chance to make a dash for it. As the jaguar began to growl, the jaguar slightly dropped his tail. Instantly a pig seized it, and pulled; then another, and another, and another, until a whole bunch of

the ground. The battle was terrible. The yellow body of the jaguar rose up above the grunting, squashing mass of the herd, and his long powerful legs dealt deadly blows. Then he fell—the sprout subsided, and the herd dispersed. The party of explorers walked to the battle-ground. The dead jaguar and two of the dead pigs were lying on the field; but no jaguar or its remains were seen. Presently one of the party, picking up a fragment of something, exclaimed, "It's the tiger's tail!"

It was a bit of the jaguar's skin. He had been torn to pieces and devoured by the savage hogs.

Did You Ever?

Did you ever know a swindled man who, after he had been hoodwinked by hearing of another man being swindled in like manner?

Did you ever know a young lady with a cold, a nasty-sitting snout, who thought the weather was cold enough for a wray?

Did you ever see a man with large feet who did not declare that his boots were too big for him—that he likes them easy, you know?

Did you ever think that men are the biggest fools in creation, and that the women enjoy the fun of letting them remain so?

Did you ever see a young man who carried a cane who would not repel the insinuation of lameness?

Did you ever see a drinker or a smoker who couldn't leave off at any time, if he only wanted to?

Did you ever think what horrid children good people have?

Did you ever think what horrid children these good people's parents probably had, the good people's stories to the

contrary, notwithstanding
 you ever feel and usually toward the
 shopman who asks: "His there any-
 thing here, mum?"

Did you ever lose your temper but
 you felt harmless without it?

Did you ever feel like immolating the
 shop-keeper whose free use of your name
 made the name seem hateful and odious
 to you?

Did you ever think?—*Boston Re-
 script.*

The Prime of Life.

Between the ages of 45 and 60 a man
 who has properly regulated himself may
 be considered in the prime of life. His
 matured strength of constitution renders
 him almost impervious to an attack of
 disease, and experience has given sound-
 ness to his judgment. His mind is resolu-
 te, firm and equal; all his functions
 are in the highest order; he assumes

mastery over his business; builds up a competence and a foundation on his own feet. Every man who has lived through a period of life attended by many gratifications. Having gone a year or two over 60 he arrives at a standard. But called the turn of life, which, if crossed in safety, leads to the valley of "old age," round which the river winds, and then beyond, without loss or cause, to the edge of the abyss. The turn of life, however, constructed of fragile material, and it depends how it is trodden whether it bend or break. Gout or apoplexy are also in the vicinity to waylay the traveler, thrust him into the pass; but let him grip with his loins and provide him with a fitter staff, and he may trudge on in safety and with perfect freedom. The turn of life, however, "the turn of life" is a turn either into a prolonged walk or into the grave.

The system and powers, having reached the utmost expansion, now begin after to close this first grand cycle of breakdown at once. One magnificent stimulant, a single fatal excitement, may force it beyond its strength, while a single energetic effort may effect the withdrawal of all that tends to force a plant to sustain it in beauty and vigor until night has entirely set in.

Food to Make Flesh.

Sugar, graham, fruit, cheese, wheaten or corn-meal, and many meats are the foods to make flesh. Almost any woman will get plump on brown bread and wheaten grist, or oatmeal eaten twice a day with a little of most of the above. A breakfast and a supper of brown biscuit, with sweet-meats, cheese and cream, or coffee drunk with plenty of sugar and cream. It is not necessary to eat largely of any one of these, but to eat a little of all the food

must be smothering, and if hunger is keen, one who would be plump and spirited should not be afraid to indulge it. Unreluctantly, I did so, and struggle like wilted pugilist and savory and changed in variety day by day. — *Scientific American.*

Tseng Kwai, the Chinese boy, who was expelled from the Springfield (Mass.) High School last June with the salutatory address, became a Christian, and wrote home about it to his father, who is one of the highest of the Chinese nobles. His friend of the same name, the father wrote a very indignant letter, and ordered him to return home, threatening to strike and beat him into renouncing his claims. But the boy, who is now a Christian, in his new faith he looked upon his return to China as going to almost certain death; so he started quietly with

After he got to Boston, whence the wife had been sent, he was told that she was in New Canaan, Conn. When Kwasi, however, stepped from the train in Springfield, and that is the last that has been seen of him. If he succeeds in keeping hidden for some time, he may eventually escape and can become a citizen of the United States.

A nervous dressed workman came to a photographer recently to have the portrait of his wife and child. After discussing the matters the business agent said to give some advice to that personification of his life concerning her picture. "Think of something serious," he said. "You will be well known and well liked. Remember that your father is a workman and that your brother has had to be so, and with your brothers; and try to remember what would have become of you if you had taken pity upon you."

The receipts of the American
Trader Society last year were \$373-
000, and the expenditures \$368,000.